

# THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

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## A STRANGE MURDER.

The Killing of Josiah Bacon by Dr. Samuel P. Chalfant in San Francisco.  
(San Francisco Chronicle.)

The murder of Josiah Bacon, on Sunday morning, at the Baldwin Hotel, is one of the strangest on the criminal record of this city. A man, while preparing quietly in his room for church, hears a knock at his door, opens it, encounters a person who, with scarcely a word, shoots him, and he falls dead. The assassin walks out of the hotel. No one is disturbed. The occupants of adjoining rooms are breakfasting below. Only one person on the floor above hears the shot, scarcely louder than an echo, but thinks nothing of it. The dead man lies on the floor of his room, the door being ajar, all the forenoon, the life and bustle of the great building going on around him. The situation suggests that in Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," where Judge Clifford sits in an arm-chair in his room of the old house all night amid strange sounds and ghostly sights. Some one passing during the forenoon sees him lying there, but thinks it may be intoxication, and does not interfere.

The chambermaid, who comes about noon, is the first who discovers the truth. There is no external hemorrhage, and it is at first thought that the man had died of heart disease. The body is taken up and carried to the Morgue, and there the ghastly wound is found in the abdomen. The first theory is that of suicide, and it is but gradually that people begin to think a murder has been committed, that for coolness, silence, deliberation and desperation almost equals that of the thugs of India, or those planned by La Maffia. The details may be more fully given as follows: Mr. Bacon has been for 12 or 15 years the representative of the Good-year Vulcanite Company so far as concerned their relations to the dentists. Every dentist has had to pay the company \$35 per annum, or \$40 if the amount was not forthcoming on a certain day. The sum was no great tax on those who had any work at all, though a heavy burden to the members of the profession who are just beginning business. Having the law on his side, and not being a man of the gentlest manners, he frequently made enemies needlessly. Sometimes dentists would pretend that they had no business to escape the tax, and sometimes they would refuse payment entirely, and a lawsuit would result. The courts have always decided against the dentists, and all who could afford it, however, have slowly come to accept the situation and have made the yearly payment promptly. Mr. Bacon has had more or less trouble with the San Francisco dentists, and some of them who felt most bitterly have threatened to kick him out of their offices. Some would not notice him when they saw him. About the time of Mr. Bacon's arrival in the city ten days ago, one of them, of whom he demanded a royalty, told him he had done no work for a year. A day or two afterward, being at a party, and the question of the Good-year patent coming up, a lady told him that she had some of his work in her mouth. He asked who made them, and she gave him the name of the dentist who had told him he had done no work for a year.

Of course the agent vowed vengeance upon the recalcitrant dentist. That he feared violence was evident from the fact that, being a small man, he took a stalwart companion with him wherever he feared trouble. His professional difficulties furnished the first clue to the police. The other traces of the crime were as follows: Last Thursday afternoon a well-dressed and good looking man, who seemed to be 30 or 35 years of age, came to the hotel, and, after looking over the register, asked Mr. Marvin, the clerk, if Bacon was in. The reply was that he had gone to the country. On Friday evening he called again, but Bacon had not returned. He asked for a personal description of him, which was given. It was about 9 o'clock when he came on Sunday morning. Bacon had been down, asked for his washing, which had not been sent home, and gone to get shaved. The clerk thought that he had left the barber-shop and

would be in his room. He so informed the stranger, who left the counter and walked toward the elevator. After that the visitor was not seen again. He seemed to have knocked at the door, and Bacon, who had combed his hair and was adjusting his necktie preparatory to going to Dr. Stone's church, the Congregational Church, in which he was brought up in Boston, turned and opened it. The bullet from the pistol, which was probably a derringer, struck him below the navel, ranging downward. The autopsy is not finished, and it has not yet been found. He fell backwards, his head striking against the wall that divided his room from the corridor, and his feet toward the folding-doors, which opened into his bed room. Some of his hair adhered to the wall.

The room is at the end of the hall of the third floor, and runs parallel with Powell Street. There is a window at the extreme end of the hall half looking out on Ellis, and the door is the last on the left side. Nothing in the room was disturbed. Dr. Fox and family occupy the room on one side and Mr. Gillan the room opposite, looking out on Ellis. They were all at breakfast. It was Dr. McAllister in the room who heard the faint report of the pistol. The body was taken to the Morgue about 1 o'clock. The description of the man who had inquired for Bacon was given to the police, who at once began to work up the affair diligently, under the special direction of Captain Lees and Captain Stone. It was surmised at once that the deed had been done by an aggrieved dentist. There were other theories that the deceased had met his death by the hands of an enraged husband or lover, but they were not heeded. Inquiry about the dentists' offices showed that all of them were at work as usual except one, Dr. Samuel P. Chalfant, of the New York Dental Gallery, No. 19 Sixth Street. He could nowhere be found. His assistant, Mr. Richards, said that Chalfant left his office at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, promising to be back soon and keep an appointment he had made with a friend. Since then he had not been seen. Richards waited in the office all day, and when he left he closed the door, which had a spring lock, expecting to find his employer there when he came in the morning. He came back yesterday morning, and having no key, was obliged to enter by the window. Upon investigation it appeared that Chalfant had had a great deal of difficulty with Bacon as representative of the Vulcanite Company. His diploma showed that he graduated at the Philadelphia Dental College in 1871. He practiced his profession in Philadelphia, Wilmington, Del., and St. Louis, and in each of those places contested a suit brought by the company and invariably lost it. It would appear, from statements made to the police, that he never paid the judgment against him, but before it could be enforced, sought new fields of labor. He therefore came to this city about four years ago. Bacon's business takes him to nearly every city in the country. He came here in due course of affairs, stopping first at the Palace and then at the Baldwin. Finding Chalfant still using the patent and still refusing to pay the royalty, he brought suit against them in Justice Sawyer's Court on the 11th inst. On the examination he was cross-questioned by Bacon in a manner that galled him bitterly. He regarded himself as being unjustly pursued by a vindictive man representing a grasping corporation, and he terribly resented a feeling, perhaps, encouraged by Bacon's manner. As he used to say privately, if God had given a man a set of teeth and he had lost them, he thought that a dentist had a right to put them in without asking permission of, or making payment to, any body. The complainant in the case was represented by D. P. Belknap. The facts reluctantly extracted from him by the examination of B. Brown were that he began practice at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1873. He remained there one year, and that he came from St. Louis to San Francisco. He had used the vulcanite all that time. He also stated that he had been enjoined from using the material, and had violated the injunction; also, that Richards was not his partner. Examining his record previous to his professional life, the officers found that he had served during the war, having been Sergeant in Captain Samuel Cascadin's Company D, Fifty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, from 1861 to 1865, and that in the last year he joined the Veteran corps.

Very thorough search was made by the police yesterday in every part of the city where it was thought Chalfant might be, but without discovering the slightest trace of him. It was presumed that he had committed suicide, as his friends said he would never be taken alive. Every route out of the city was examined, including the Australian steamer, but it did not appear that he had tried to flee the city. He is described by the police as a stout man, with black hair, dark brown mustache, very minute side whiskers, broad, square forehead, face broad and features regular, chin square and inclined to be double, nose slightly retrousse, and bright and sparkling eyes. His weight is 160 pounds. He was dressed, when last seen, in a black business suit, round topped hat and gold watch and chain. He was highly esteemed by his friends as very companionable, warm in his nature and generous to a fault. His picture shows a firm and resolute character in every lineament. If he did the deed it indicates dark, bitter, uncompromising qualities, of which his friends never dreamed. It seems strange that, if he planned the murder, he should have so publicly attempted its consummation; that he should several times have gone to the office of the hotel to inquire for his man; that he should have asked his description; that he should have shot him on Sunday morning, when every body was in the hotel, instead of waylaying him outside. He could not hope to escape detection, and probably did not intend to survive his victim.

Bacon was a brother of School Director J. S. Bacon, and has also a cousin in this city who is a lawyer. He was a small man, probably not more than 5 feet 6 inches in height, and weighing less than 150 pounds. A certain dogged perseverance in his character, while it made him bitter enemies, fitted him for the business in which he was engaged. He was born in Boston, and came to this city unknown to his parents when but 18 years of age. A few years afterwards he married a San Francisco lady, the wedding taking place at the house of his cousin. His home since returning to the East has been chiefly in Boston. His wife is at present residing in Bridge-water. Inquiry among the dentists does not show that the better class of them object strongly to paying the \$35 royalty. Most of them have paid it promptly, and only the less prosperous have objected, although none of them specially liked Bacon.

## Learn to Sew.

An effort is being made to introduce needle work into the New York public schools. It is proposed that boys as well as girls shall be taught how to sew. The idea is an excellent one, and should be immediately carried into execution. Any one who has seen an old bachelor attempt to sew on a rear suspender button without removing his pantaloons must certainly favor teaching male pupils plain sewing. The old bachelor aforesaid twists his head half way off in order to locate the button, and with thumb and forefinger holds it in its place until he jabs the needle half way through his thumb—and we are obliged to suppress his few ill-chosen and vigorous remarks. A smile of triumph illumines his face when he succeeds in getting the needle through one of the eyes of the button, but it suddenly disappears as he draws the thread slowly through, and instead of seeing it come to a tension, hears the button fall on the floor—and he makes some more remarks unfit for publication. He forgot to build a knot in the tail of his thread. This neglect is soon remedied in the shape of a knot as large as a pea, and after taking a few stitches, needle sticks amidships in the eye of the button; he can neither push it through nor draw it back. He backs up against the wall, gets a leverage on the needle, and bears his whole weight upon it. Of course the needle runs into his hip to the depth of half an inch, and he makes 500 remarks in less than 500 quarter seconds, but we can't print 'em. By all means, teach the boys plain sewing.—Norristown (Penn.) Herald.

BRIGHT little girl—"The robbers can't steal my mamma's diamond earrings, 'cause papa's hid them." Visitor—"Where has he hid them?" Little girl—"Why, I heard him tell mamma he put them up the spout, and he guessed they would stay there."

## The Quickest Time on Record.

Some time ago the announcement was made that the Baptist missionaries laboring among the Teluguos of Ongole, India, and vicinity, had just baptized 2,222 converts in one day. The story appeared to the Rev. J. H. Gunning of Titusville, Pa., to be a large one, and so he wrote to Missionary Clough at Ongole and asked: "How many men does it take to baptize 2,222 persons in one day?" Mr. Clough was too busy to answer, but passed the letter over to an associate, who replied to Mr. Gunning as follows: "With reference to your question, 'How many men does it take to baptize 2,222 persons in one day?' I should say that depends on several things; but in the present case the simple reply is 'Six.' But, lest this be too laconic, I will enlarge a little. Bear in mind that the baptistry was admirably situated for expeditious work. It was at the ford of a river, with a sort of basin on either side; and no time was lost in coming or going, as the water was sufficiently deep close up to the road. Remember, too, that the examinations and all other necessary preparatory work had been previously attended to. The people were arranged in groups according to their villages. Only two preachers baptized at one time; when these were tired, two others took their places; those, in turn, were relieved by the other two, and so on. The baptizing commenced at about 5 a. m. and continued until 10. It was resumed at 2 p. m. and completed at 6. It will thus be seen that the baptism of 2,222 converts occupied two preachers nine hours, or about thirty seconds for each candidate. If the six preachers had all been employed at the same time the 2,222 converts would have been baptized in just three hours. That the time occupied was ample to do it 'decently and in order' is proven by an actual experiment made on the 30th of June in Ongole. On that day Brother Clough baptized 212 converts. As he entered the baptistry he handed Mrs. Clough his watch, at which she looked and marked that he began baptizing at 6:17, and as the last candidate rose from the water it was precisely 7:38. The average time will be seen to be 23 seconds; but no effort was made at haste."

## How to Pay a Compliment.

To pay a compliment is to tell the truth, and to tell it as though you meant it. And the only way to do that is to mean it. If a girl is pretty or accomplished; if she plays well, or sings well, or dances well, or talks well; if, in a word, she pleases, why, in the name of common sense, shouldn't she be told of it? Don't blurt it out before every body. That will only serve to make her feel uncomfortable and make you appear ridiculous. Say it quietly when opportunity offers, but say it strongly. Convey the idea distinctly and fully, so that there may be no mistake about it. But don't say it "officially." Formality is about the coldest thing known. More than one maiden has been made happy—say for half an hour—by a man's taking the trouble to say a pleasant thing about a toilet that he liked, and many of fashion's follies have been given up by girls when they noticed a discreet silence concerning them on the part of their gentleman friends. A bewitching little black-eyed beauty once said to a gentleman, "I like to have you say sweet things to me, it seems to come so easy and natural." In general terms, it may be said that it is always better to say an agreeable thing than a disagreeable one, better for all parties. The gallant who, when a young lady stepped on his foot while dancing and asked pardon said, "Don't mention it; a dainty little foot like that wouldn't hurt a daisy," not only told the truth, but doubtless felt more comfortable than the boor when his foot was stepped on, roared out, "That's right; climb all over me with your great, clumsy hoofs."—Boston Transcript.

—The tongue will sometimes make the most awkward slips. It is told of a clergyman in one of the towns near Boston that he had given him to read from the pulpit an announcement that the "Bellingham praying band" would conduct at the evening meeting; but by some strange perversity of the unruly member, the congregation were astounded with the announcement that there would be a service by the "Prayingham belly band."—Boston Globe.